

For the Saturday Gazette.
THEY KNOW NOT.
AN OLD MAID'S REVERIE.

Content? seemingly so;
But, ah, could they know
Of the life hidden deep,
That I secretly keep?

From their gaze, Could they know!

Could I love? Let their doubt
Find answer in all
The poor ways I devise
To hide deep from their eyes
The hot tears that would fall.

And the jest that they make,
In innocent glee,
Do I meet with a smile,
But my cheek all the while
Growing pale, they ne'er see!

Ah! why was there born in
My heart, Oh so sweet,
The thought, that one liveth
Who hardly giveth
A prayer we may meet?

Will the flower now hid
From us in the seed,
Find its dream of the Spring
But a vanishing thing,
When it comes to be freed?

Though my heart aileth o'er,
My cheek fade in death,
Yet I'll keep this sweet thought
God hath in my heart wrought,
Bright, till my last breath. H. C. T.

Our Carcanet.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends
And she, who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the keen stroke bends;
Even on the edge that wrought her death
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurnt;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it—but He came from heaven
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no plaint he made
But when in death's dark pang he sighed
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

Edmonstone.

After Dinner.

A famous punster was desired to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" asked he. "The King," answered the other. "O, sir, the King is no SUBJECT," was the response.

"How does your newly purchased horse answer?" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Lewlyn. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never asked him a question."

Dr. Johnson was once asked by a lady who had been playing some exotic selections upon the piano-forte, if he was fond of music? "No, madam, but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable."

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A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match, when asked by the clergyman if the marriage service, if she consented to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, "Oh, dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

Man is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge by the bark."

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Housewifery.

OILING.—Never allow a door to creak for want of oil, or to shut hard so as to require slamming to make it latch. For this purpose pass around once a week at some regular time, say Saturday evening or Monday morning, with a drop of oil on a feather, or on the tip of the finger, and give every rubbing part, latch, hinge, &c., a touch. The door and walls will last longer than when incessantly pounded and battered, and the disagreeable noise will not make sick persons worse, or annoy well ones.

Scissors sometimes work hard, when a tenth of a grain of oil, touched along the cutting edges to make them move easily over each other, will improve them greatly.

VENTILATION—would be more easily accomplished and more certainly performed, and rooms kept with purer and healthier air, if windows were made to slide easily. If not hung by pulleys and weights, add good freely working catches. Never permit a broken pane in a house.

CELLARS—should be kept constantly clean—as much so as your parlor. It is the easiest thing in the world, if you attend to it daily; and only becomes a heavy task when you allow a month's accumulations: on the principle that the boy who combed his head once a summer was amazed that any one could do it daily.

Agricultural.

A NEW GRAIN COUNTRY.—The District of Manitoba, so called from the lake of that name in British America. It will soon be opened for settlement. Its magnitude can be understood when we mention that the distance from the point where the North Pacific Railroad will cross the Red River of the North, to Lake Manitoba, is 360 miles, and about 600 miles from St. Paul, Minn. The included grain-growing country, scarcely yet entered upon, is nearly 600 miles in width, or 1,000 or more miles in length, full of prairie and forests, navigable streams, great lakes and countless small ones, too numerous to designate on the maps of the country, and mineral wealth

as yet unknown. A few pioneers only have ventured into this rich agricultural country, but before many years have passed by it will be the home of millions.

The New England Farmer well says:
We are often asked by young farmers our opinion about going into some particular branch of business,—

Whether horses, or cattle or sheep are preferable?

Whether there is the most money in the dairy or wool?

Whether to sell milk or make butter?

Whether poultry raising is profitable?

Whether, in fact, this or that branch is most advisable?

Answers to these questions must be based, as we have already intimated, on a full consideration of such circumstances, as soil, markets, preferences of the farmer and his family, etc., but after all, what one does is of less consequence than how he does it. Whatever you undertake, master it if possible. Don't expect to make a fortune at farming in one year, or in five years. Strive to raise crops of superior quality. Don't be satisfied with anything short of the very best in your line, and when you have gained a reputation for raising good crops and for fair dealing, keep that reputation. It is as valuable to you as the farm itself.

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Desultory.

THE AMERICAN RESTAURANT.

The typical American restaurant is an establishment quite well individualized, and quite as characteristic, as anything of the kind to be found in the world. The French *café*, the German beer-garden, and the English chop-house, all have their characteristic habits, appearance and manners; but the American restaurant is like neither of them. It can only be conducted by an American, and we regret to say, it can only be frequented by and enjoyed by Americans of the second and lower grades. The aim of the conductor seems to be to sell the greatest amount of food in the shortest possible time—an aim which the guests invariably second, by eating as rapidly as possible. We have seen in a Broadway restaurant, a table surrounded by men, all eating their dinners with their hats on, while genuine ladies, elegantly dressed, occupied the next table, within three feet of them. In this restaurant there was as much din in the ordering of dishes and the clash of plates and knives and forks, as if a brass band had been in full blast. Every dish was placed before the guests with a bang. The noise, the bustle, the hurry in such a place, at dinner time can only be compared to that which occurs when the animals are fed in Barnum's caravan. We do not exaggerate at all, when we say that the American restaurant is the worst mannered place ever visited by decent people. No decent American ever goes into one when he can help it, and comparatively few decent people know how very indecent it is.

It is useless for the incredulous American to ask the question, "Where have you been?" When in a second-rate restaurant a guest asks for fish balls and heard his order repeated to the cook by the colored waiter as "sleeve buttons for one;" and he begins to wonder, indeed whether "civilization" is not a failure," and whether the "Caucasian" is not "played out." The average American, in the average American restaurant, eats his dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds. He bolts into the door, bolts his dinner, and then bolts out. There is no thought of those around him, no courtesy to a neighbor, no pleasant word or motion of politeness to the man or woman who receives his money—not but a fearful taking in of ammunition—the feeding of a devouring furnace—and then a desperate dash into the open air, as if he were conscious he had swallowed poison, and must die a doctor and a stomach pump, or die, a favorite method of devouring oysters is to stand, or sit on a high stool, always with the hat on; oysters on the half shell and the eater under a half-shell. There may be something in the position that favors digestion, we don't know.

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WATSON & CO.,

Would call your attention to their immense stock of

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ELEGANT CHINCHILLAS, reduced to \$7.00
STYLISH MELTONS marked down to \$10.00
Superfine ESKIMO BEAVERS at the low price of \$12.00
The finest grades of imported FUR BEAVERS, at \$20, to \$25

No such stock of elegant garments can be found elsewhere, and our prices are fully 20 per cent below the rates of small concerns.

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE BEST ARE THE CHEAPEST.

Exposition Universelle.

PARIS, 1867.



SILVER MEDAL AWARDED.

E. C. BURT'S FINE SHOES,
FOR
LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN,
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THE BEST!!

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A full line of these Goods sold in NEWARK, by
C. GARRABRANT,

The Popular Shoe Dealer, 885 BROAD ST.,
Feb. 22. 1867.

NEWARK, N. J.

SHOE OF THE DAY.

April 19.—

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